

Stormbringer

by draconicwyvern

Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Friendship, Hurt-Comfort

Language: English

Characters: Hiccup, Toothless

Status: Completed

Published: 2014-05-23 03:00:16

Updated: 2014-05-23 03:00:16

Packaged: 2016-04-26 17:50:10

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,591

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: As you grow up and reach the adult years, you start to wonder who you really are, and what your purpose is in life. This is a story about a young boy named Hiccup, who, by the help of his best friend, learns who he truly is. Oneshot.
Pre-HTTYD2.

Stormbringer

A/N: This is the first fic that I actually uploaded here! I don't know how this site works yet but I will try to learn ;) Anyways, here goes.

* * *

><p>Who?

The impending question burned into his mind. Sweat leaked down his face in tributaries of clear liquid. His chest rose in sporadic spasms as his exhales became longer than his inhales. His left leg ached in numb pain, and his hair was reduced to an unruly mop of auburn. His eyelids stayed firmly shut, however, brimming with tears of nightmares. His body turned over in his bed, throwing the covers off and onto the floor. And then his dream ensued, and his eyes adjusted to a new scene...

The fog lessened, and Hiccup could discern visible outlines of pine trees surrounding him. He was wearing a brown fur coat that enveloped him up tightly. Underneath the coat he wore a long-sleeved shirt, green in colour. Hiccup took a moment to survey the empty area before attempting at walking. The ground shook with each painful step. Hiccup gasped in pain but struggled on, clenching his teeth. He could smell the forest air, its icy tone cooling his searing lungs; feel the beads of newly-formed dew on each blade of emerald grass press against his inflamed skin; taste the copper tang in his dry mouth.

Why?

The voice. Taunting his very existence. It embedded itself into his leg like needles, and his mouth emitted a sharp cry. _Why, Hiccup? Why?_

"I...don't know." His voice faltered and broke. The mist dissipated into tiny droplets that clung to his coat. He repeated those three words harshly, sadly. "I don't know."

Who are you, Hiccup?

"I don't know," he grunted through gritted teeth. "I...wishâ€|" he whispered to the silent rain, to the nobody in the shadows. "I...wish I knew."

Who? Voices layered on top of each other, clamouring simultaneously. Like melodies they harmonized and overlapped, creating a surreal mood that frightened away nearby ravens. The ravens cawed in answer, each note of their pitiful cry mingling in perfectly with the jarring vocalization. _Who are you? What is your purpose?_ Hiccup suppressed a scream of agony as each word hit him like lightning bolts, piercing through his granite resolve and shattering it into sand.

"Please...stopâ€|" he anxiously pleaded, thought it was drowned out by their melodious cacophony. Hiccup's fingers hardened into rigid claws that scraped the earth. He spit out soot and wiped his mouth impatiently. "Pleaseâ€|"

His attempts to negotiate were all done in vain. The wails climbed up a higher range and developed into a banshee screech. Fog swept into the vicinity, clogging his mind. He fought it with all his might, but it wasn't enough as it shrouded his consciousness. The last thing he saw before he faded were the silhouettes of the ravens bleeding into the night sky.

* * *

><p>His eyes flashed open. Through the darkness of the room he could see the shadow of his dragon, Toothless, and that instantly gave him comfort. His breathing was coming out in shallow gasps, and when he raked his hand over his hair, sweat stained the fingertips. He gulped for air greedily, until his erratic heartbeat receded to normal tempo. Hiccup's twin pupils dilated as they adjusted to the low-lighted area.<p>

Toothless flicked his tail from side to side, brushing up sparse clumps of dust. One of his eyelids slowly opened, a glowing eye inside. The other followed in pursuit. Toothless clambered up eagerly, tail swishing behind him, and approached Hiccup's bedside. Sensing something wrong, he rested his scaly head gently on Hiccup's lap. Hiccup reached a trembling hand out and stroked the Night Fury's coarse skin.

"Thanks, bud. I really needed that." Hiccup sighed as he remembered his nightmare. It had probably originated from all the stress on his mind. Lately, Stoick the Vast, his father and chieftain of the Vikings on Berk, had gone into pressuring Hiccup to be the future

chief he was destined to. _But what if I'm not fit for being a leader?_

Hiccup could easily come up with a long list of better candidates for the position of chief. Astrid was strong and acted like a warrior. Snotlout was stubborn and determined. Fishlegs was far more advanced than him in dragon knowledge. Even Ruffnut and Tuffnut knew who they were, and what part they played in life.

But Hiccup was the only one who didn't know who he was.

He groaned in frustration. Toothless emitted a sound of worry for his human friend, and rubbed his head on Hiccup's exposed hand. He nudged at Hiccup's shoulder, letting out impatient huffs of air.

Hiccup looked down to the direction of his dragon. "You're right, Toothless." He swung his gangly legs over the side of his bed, leaning down to pick up the fallen covers. He kneaded his sore back and extended his hand towards Toothless for support. Once he was sure he could walk by himself, he put on his warm boot, adjusted his prosthetic, and strapped on his latest edition flight suit until it fit snugly.

Hiccup opened the door. A light drizzle was spitting on the grass in edged over and squeezed out through the narrow gap.

"It's starting to rain, bud. You sure you still want to head out?"

Toothless showed off a gummy smile in reassurance. "Alright. If you say so."

The rain doused his hair. Wet strands plastered over his face as he walked over to Toothless, who was standing motionless in the grass, busily eying a bird in the trees. Something caught Hiccup's eye just then: his own reflection in a puddle.

Enthused, he stared at himself, noting the scar that ran along his chin. Water droplets broke the smooth surface, and he didn't even know if they were raindrops or his own tears. The ripples in the once unblemished water gave him a harsh reminder of his own broken self. He shook his head sadly, water flying off his hair with each shake. _After all these years, _he smiled wanly,_ and I still don't know who I truly am._

His depressing thoughts followed him as he climbed onto the back of the Night Fury. His hands tightened around the reins, turning his knuckles white. "Who am I?" he whispered to the wind. No one answered, and Hiccup felt as if he were alone in the world.

He didn't notice as Toothless propelled himself into the air. Up they went, climbing altitude with each second. His wings beat against the soft wind with powerful strokes. Once in a while they would hit turbulence in the sky, but Toothless quickly adapted, veering back on course. And then the flight became stable, and Toothless spread his wings until it spanned the horizon. Hiccup relaxed his prosthetic on the foothold, noticing suddenly where he was and realizing that the whole time he was on board, his left leg was acting on reflex.

Tranquility had descended over the indigo sky. Hiccup inhaled the cool night air. Rain was peppering his face irritably but also brought a calming sensation. He felt the wind push his hair astray. Hiccup's mind cleared then, and his eyes _saw_.

The subtle swaying of trees. Crystalline oceans in a turmoil of foamy waves. The softness of the overcast clouds.

A strong gale pushed at him, and he careened off course. He swerved back, only to be blown away again.

"Hey, bud," he yelled over the wind. "You wanna give this a try?"

And Toothless sliced through the air so that they were inside the steady stream of air. The wind launched them over the treetops, then tapered off suddenly. Hiccup felt his stomach drop as Toothless took a nosedive.

Hiccup started to panic. He looked over his shoulder, but the dragon's artificial tailfin was still intact. "Are you playing with me?" he said, as he directed Toothless out of his plummet. They soared upwards, each raindrop hitting Toothless' wings and forming spheres of water.

Toothless laughed a dragon laugh and began to rotate, spinning in a clockwise motion with his wings. The drizzle was now hitting Hiccup on all sides. As Toothless gyrated, water droplets that clung onto his skin were flung off into spiral waterworks. Crystal ribbons glistened as they performed an interpretive dance around the pair, encasing them in a glacial cocoon. Hiccup guided his dragon and leaned backwards. The dragon followed suit, letting out a noise of pleasure.

The corner of Hiccup's mouth lifted as he fell. With a smooth stroke, Toothless flipped back upright, slashing at the moist air. Hiccup smiled. He felt lightheaded, almost happy.

He let out a whoop of exhilaration.

Hiccup felt an enormous weight lift off his shoulders. A feeling overcame him, and it bubbled up into a chuckle of relief. And for the first time in days, he laughed.

He laughed with the wind. Laughed away his worries, his pain. He laughed away his sadness, and because he _could_.

He laughed because he finally understood who he was.

He was the first Viking to ride a dragon.

He was a turning point in the battle called life.

A deviant from the course once set for him, a hiccup in the path of his future once written in stone.

The calm before the storm.

* * *

><p>Thank you for reading :) Comments and reviews are appreciated. Have a nice day!

End
file.